

# THE YAZOO WHIG AND POLITICAL REGISTER.

J. A. STEVENS, Editor & Proprietor.

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On Main Street, opposite J. B. Hamer's, to  
the north end of the "Manhattan Hall."

TERMS.—The Whig will be furnished to sub-  
scribers at \$5 00 per annum in advance.  
Advertisements will be inserted at the rate of  
\$1 00 per square for the first insertion, and 50 cents  
for each week thereafter—ten lines or less, con-  
stituting a square. The number of insertions re-  
quired, must be marked on the margin of the man-  
uscript, or they will be inserted till forbid, and  
charged accordingly. Advertisements from a dis-  
tance, must be accompanied with the cash, or  
good reference in town. Announcing candidates  
for office will be \$10 for county offices, \$10 for  
state offices—in advance.

Yearly Advertising.  
For forty lines or less, renewable at pleasure  
\$50. No contract taken for less than one year—  
and payable half yearly in advance.

The privilege of annual advertising is limited to  
their own immediate business; and all advertise-  
ments for the benefit of other persons, sent in by  
them must be paid for by the square.

Professional Advertisements.  
For 10 lines or less, not alterable, 3 months, \$12  
" 10 do do do 6 do do 20  
" 10 do do do 12 do do 30

As the above rates are the same as those  
established in Natchez, Vicksburg, Jackson,  
Grand Gulf and elsewhere in this State, no dis-  
count will be made from them in any case  
whatever.

ALL JOB WORK MUST BE PAID FOR  
ON DELIVERY.

## POETRY.

From the Boston Atlas.

### IMPROMPTU.

On the re-nomination of Martin Van Buren for the  
Presidency by Col. Thomas Hart Benton.  
When pumpkins shall grow on the top of a steeple.  
And showers of pancakes shall fall like the rain;  
When Bronson and Bancroft can humbug the people—  
Van Buren may come back to power again.

When grindstones shall turn themselves round on  
the spindle—  
And John Bull shall swallow a third part of  
Maine;  
When Grahamites fasten and beef-eaters dwindle,  
Van Buren may come back to power again.

When mint-drops shall flow up the broad Missis-  
sippi—  
And Amos no longer shall scribble for gain;  
When Ritchie refuses to scold like Zantippe,  
Van Buren may come back to power again.

When camels shall creep through the eye of a  
needle—  
And dances confess themselves minus in brain;  
When rogues cannot cheat us nor parasites wheedle—  
Van Buren may come into power again.

ANTIPATHIES.—There is, perhaps, something  
more of serious fact than poetry in the following  
rhymes:  
I hate long stories, and short ears of corn,  
A costly farm-house and a shabby barn.  
More guns than pigs, no books, but many guns,  
Corned toes, tight boots, old debts, and paper duns.  
I hate tight-lacing and loose conversation,  
Abundant gab, and little information;  
The fool who sings in bed, and snores in meeting,  
Who laughs while talking and who talks while eating.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

FOR THE YAZOO WHIG.

### GREEN LEYMAN.

A TALE OF REAL LIFE.

Chapter I.

"Could I wrestle with him?"  
"I wrestled with a lion once, when a boy."  
"In play, till he ran roaring from my gripe."

Squirrel hunting is a favorite amusement  
in the summer season in Mississippi. The  
rifle is deemed the only lawful weapon to be  
used in waging war against these little de-  
structives, who create great havoc in the  
corn fields, when the crop is ripening. To  
miss the head of a squirrel at the distance  
of fifty yards, or to strike him in any other  
part of the body is deemed the work of a  
novice in the noble art of rifle shooting. It  
was on such an excursion of a fine summer  
evening that I marched out for the purpose  
of enjoying my favorite sport.—I had fired  
the third round and killed each time,—twice  
by taking off the head, and once by shooting  
through the body, when I came to a bend in  
a small creek, which meandered near the  
corn field. Here, I thought to save walking  
around the banks of the stream by cutting  
directly across the little peninsula which was  
thickly set with cane and undergrowth, form-  
ing what is called a cane-brake. Walking  
stealthily along, as hunters are wont to do,  
I thought I heard the sound of a human voice  
proceeding from a thick bunch of cane di-  
rectly in the way I was going.

I moved very cautiously on until within a  
bout ten paces of where I thought the owner  
of the voice must be, and saw what  
I took to be a negro boy playing with a large  
cur on the ground, with whom he was carry-  
ing on a very familiar conversation.—

"Let me go, you old she-devil, you, or I'll  
gouge your eyes out.—Oh, he! I hurt you,  
did I? O doo, dary yer, let me get hold o'  
yer paw, an' I'll make yer cut dirt,—quit it,  
I say!" and the boy made an effort and stood  
on his feet. He was a black lad of about  
twelve years old, very stout built, and I  
could plainly see from where I stood that he  
was bidding defiance to the other party by  
shaking his fist and stamping on the ground,  
accompanied by a grin and a sideways nod  
of his lumpy head.

"Now, come on if yer dar, old she-devil,  
and I'll give yers a joe-darter a'teen yer eyes  
that'll make!"

Before this challenge and threat were  
completed, the opposing party reared up from  
the grass (where it had been resting flat on  
the ground,) and placing a paw on each  
shoulder of the boy, appeared to regard him  
with the greatest delight.

"A panther," said I, almost audibly, and at  
the same time sprang the trigger of my rifle.

"Hist!" said a voice on my right, just as I  
had levelled to fire, which caused me to look  
around, and I saw a man a few paces off,  
standing with his rifle at a present, with the  
palm of his left hand turned towards me as a  
token that I should desist. In an instant,  
panther and boy were both rolling on the  
ground,—the boy kicking and cuffing the  
monster and swearing at him, threatening to  
gouge his eyes out. At one moment they  
appeared to embrace each other, and anon  
the boy would bounce up in the air and fall  
across the body of the panther as it lay on  
its back,—then the panther would bound off  
leaving him for an instant, and leaping over  
the boy, would alight some ten feet from  
him; but never for a moment withdrawing  
his eyes from the boy.

Another I saw and the monster settled on  
the ground, his body flattened and extended,  
with neck elongated until the chin rested on  
the ground,—its eyes flaming and spark-  
ling with savage glee; waving its long tail  
much in the manner of a cat when about to  
spring on its prey. Now's the time, thought  
I! I heard the click of my neighbor's dou-  
ble trigger and prepared to fire with him,  
but before we could make ready, the animal  
either hearing or scenting us, or becoming  
tired of his play, sprang upon his prey, and  
seizing the boy by the shoulder, slung him  
over his neck, and with a horrid growl leaped  
upon the trunk of a fallen tree, where he  
balanced himself and took a survey of the  
premises, rolling his glaring eyes in the di-  
rection where we stood. "Bang! Bang!"  
went both rifles at the same instant, and  
down rolled boy and beast on opposite sides  
of the old log! With trembling and fear for  
the life of the poor boy, I rushed forward and  
picking him up from where he lay, with the  
blood trickling down his neck, inquired hur-  
riedly if he was hurt.

"Hilloa!" said the little fellow, rolling back  
the whites of his eyes and staring at me.  
"Dat you shot her?" at the same time pulling  
away from me and clambering over the log,  
where lay stiff and stark, his late enemy.

"Oh ho! you cotch'd it, did yer? Con-  
found yer!" and he fell to pelting the sides  
of the dead panther right and left. I now  
felt assured that there was no harm done,  
and looked around for my neighbor. He was  
leisurely re-loading his rifle, a man of some  
forty years old, with a frame of iron, measur-  
ing six feet in height, a bushy iron-grey  
head, and a dark brown complexion, his  
countenance pleasing and intelligent.

"Where did you place it?" said he, as he  
walked up where I was examining the pan-  
ther.

"There. A ball directly between the eyes."  
"I know it," said he, "and one about an inch  
above it. That'll do."

"Well, Bob, you little rascal, couldnt you  
whip this kitten, hey?"

"If I bin had my jack-knife, I'd gi'd him  
such a shove in he paunch, I bound he hab  
be be-ly full, dod dang him, come scratch a  
me so."

"Why didnt you gouge him?"

"Wya massa, I got him down sometime, but  
you see, he claw kep' sticking in me, and  
do more. I'd bite and gouge, do more he  
wouldnt if me lone."

Mr. Jones, which was the name of an  
owner of Bob, laughed heartily at the little  
fellow, who seemed perfectly unconscious of  
the danger from which he had escaped.

"Are you scratched much, Bob?"  
"I 'bief so," said Bob, drawing off his shirt.  
Here on 'tudder shoulder."

The teeth of the animal, at the time he  
made up his mind to walk off with his prize,  
had slit the skin for about an inch on the  
shoulder, from which the blood was trick-  
ling. Several scratches appeared on the  
arms and legs, but altogether, Bob was as  
good as ever, and boasted very much of his  
"ground tussel," as he called it, with "dat ar  
nasty varmint."

"Why didnt you let me fire," said I to  
Mr. Jones, "when I first presented my rifle?"

"Pooh! didnt you see that the panther  
and boy were in a direct line from you? You  
would, of course, have killed the panther,  
and the probability was, that the boy and  
panther both would have felt your ball.  
Moreover, you were agitated at the moment,  
and although I saw you when you took off  
the head of that squirrel from the top of the  
old gum tree, I was afraid you could not  
have held to the spot, and Bob might have  
suffered for it.—What are you doing there,  
Bob?"

"Jist cuttin' dis varmint's tail, so Jim  
and Jack no call me liar wen I tell 'em I  
fout panter;—dar, you bobtail, I make cat-  
termount ob yer; now, if dem boys 'pute my  
word, I gib 'um dis for dar manners, heaw!  
heaw!"

And the little fellow cracked the tail with  
a flourish over his head like a waggoner's  
whip.

"Where's your bridle, Bob?" said Mr. Jones.

"O lud, yes zir! dat varmint pulled it off  
ub me wen he jump from dat 'ar stooping  
tree, right 'pun top 'o my head, dod dang  
him;—here it is, massa, all right." Some  
twenty paces off Bob found his bridle, and  
Jones explained how he came to be separated  
from the boy.

In the newly settled parts of the country,  
it is the custom to turn the horses out to  
graze in the rich meadows of uncultivated  
and wild lands, where the verdure is so lux-  
uriant that stock of every kind thrive and  
fatten with no other care than being "salted"  
occasionally, generally in the morning.

Jones' horses had not been in for several  
days, and he set out with Bob in the after-  
noon, to look them up. Arriving at the bend  
in the creek before described, he had sent  
Bob one way, he taking the other, appoint-  
ing a place of meeting. Waiting some time  
for the arrival of the boy, he went in search  
of him, supposing that he was loitering on  
the way, when he came upon him in the man-  
ner already related.

"Are there many of such customers as this  
in your neighborhood, Mr. Jones?" said I,  
measuring the length of the animal with my  
ramrod.

"Well, not so many now, sir; when I first  
settled this place some two years ago, they  
were very troublesome and nearly destroyed  
my stock of pigs, these, the catamounts, and  
bears; but I have pretty well thinned them  
out of late; so that in the last two months I  
have only killed eleven panthers, fourteen  
catamounts and five bears.—I think that's  
the number,—this fellow making one more.  
The catamounts are the worst sir, by far;  
the sneaking devils will lie in the thickets near  
the house and take off a pig or a chicken at  
noon-day, although my team of dogs are hard  
to beat."

While we were still talking, I heard a  
roaring sound like the rushing of a wind di-  
rectly overhead, but could see nothing.

"What's that, sir?"

"Look steadily over head," said Jones.

I did so, and in a second observed several  
dark spots as if some black objects were sus-  
pended from the roof of the heavens.

The roaring increased, and in a moment  
there came whirling downwards a flock of  
buzzards with astonishing rapidity until near  
the tops of the trees, when they sailed grace-  
fully around and perched on the branches of  
a blasted tree, that overlooked the spot  
where we were standing.

"Keen eyed chaps, dem ar," said Bob, and

he began singing, keeping time with his  
master's hunting knife, by hacking away on  
the leg of the panther,—

"Turkey-buzzard fly so high,  
He top de eagle in de sky;  
O walk jaw-bone, dango lang  
Walk jaw-bone wi' de handle down."

Jay bird settin' on a swingin' limb,  
He wink'd at me,—I wink'd at 'im.

"Would you sell that boy, Mr. Jones," I in-  
quired—from mere curiosity, as the reader  
will hereafter learn,—for I had discovered,  
notwithstanding the manner of the master,  
that there was a paternal feeling at the bot-  
tom, which those who have never owned  
slaves whom they have "raised," cannot ap-  
preciate. The near relation existing be-  
tween master and slave in the southern  
States, had before attracted my observation,  
and I shall have occasion again to refer to  
this subject in the course of this history.

Jones smiled, but made no reply to my  
question, leaving Bob to answer for himself.  
"This gentleman wants to buy you, Bob;  
would you like to go with him?"

"Look yer, you think you got money  
'nough for buy me? I tell'e what, it'll take  
a cord o' money for dat ar, dat 'twill. You  
buy Bob Jones? Heaw! heaw!" and he threw  
himself in a fit of laughter on the ground, at  
the bare idea.

"Wait until you go home with me, which  
you must do this evening, and you will see  
whether I could afford to part with him.  
Why, sir, I would almost as soon think of  
parting with one of my own children as one  
of these little brats, although they are of no  
service at present."

Jones consulted Bob about the propriety  
of giving up the horses for the present, and  
we set out to find our way around the field  
to the house. We had only gone a few steps  
when the buzzards began to pitch down upon  
their prey, and some hundreds of them were  
seen dancing around it. Although I had  
frequently seen these birds, I did not know  
till now that they found their prey by the  
eye, always having understood that their  
sense of smell was very keen, and that they  
scented out dead bodies at a distance far be-  
yond the reach of sight. The house of my  
worthy host,—for so Mr. Jones had now  
constituted himself,—was situated on an  
eminence that overlooked his plantation.  
The only crop which he cultivated, except a  
garden, was of cotton and "corn," or maize.  
The place was newly settled, and the larger  
trees within his improvement were still  
standing, though deadened by the burning  
of the cane which had once so thickly cov-  
ered the ground, that when cut down and  
set on fire, the flames had reached the tops of  
the tallest trees. Here then, was one of  
those primitive dwellings, built of logs not-  
ched at the ends so as to fit, and laid one a-  
bove another until the first story was formed.

It was what is called a double panned  
log cabin, there being two rooms of the same  
size, set apart some ten feet, the intermediate  
space forming a kind of entry. On the  
sides of each of these rooms there were shed  
rooms, built of boards, which served as lodg-  
ing apartments. An uproarious noise saluted  
us as soon as we were discovered approach-  
ing the house. Dogs barked and  
whined a friendly welcome, geese cackled,  
cattle lowed, and children came running in  
dozens to meet us, whooping, yelling and  
tumbling over each other, neck and heels.  
It required some minutes to clear a way  
through this throng before we could make to  
the house, and it was really gratifying to see  
the lord of all this host, as he picked his way  
to keep from treading on the toes of some of  
the black or white urchins, patting one on  
the head, scolding another, and ordering  
them all off, at the same time that his tone  
seemed to contradict his words.

We entered the house and I was introdu-  
ced as "Mr. Leyman," by which name the  
reader will know me hereafter. The wife  
of Mr. Jones was engaged in dressing a  
wound upon the foot of a black lad, who in  
some of his "antics" had received a severe  
hurt.

She immediately arose and cleared the  
room of several attendants who had aided in  
her surgical operations, and sending the  
wounded lad away, with a word of caution

against a like occurrence, welcomed us with  
a happy smile.

A good supper, and a comfortable bed seem-  
ed to promise recompense for the fatigues of  
the day, and I soon found myself at home in  
the land of Nod.

The loud crowing of cocks, and the cack-  
ling and gobbling of every description of  
poultry, awoke me at an early hour, and I  
rose at once, and sallied into the yard to en-  
joy the freshness of a fine summer's morning.  
I was greeted by the whole crew of little  
black and white urchins who were up before  
me, and were now engaged in running, leap-  
ing, and wrestling; enjoying with great glee  
their sportive tricks. There were six white  
boys of a regular gradation in size, the young-  
est being about five years old, and the eldest  
might be twelve, all children of Mr. Jones;  
the rest were black, and numbered some two  
dozen. Among this little army my friend  
Bob was conspicuous with his panthers tail,  
with which he plied the legs and shoulders  
of each unlucky boy who came within the  
reach of his puissant arm.

Jones had risen before me, and, as it was  
now near the breakfast hour, returned from  
the field with his gun and team of dogs.

I must now inform the reader that I had  
stopped the day previous at a neighbour's  
about a mile from Jones's whose gun I had  
borrowed, and that Jones on pressing me to  
accept of his hospitality had sent his friend  
word that we would be at his house on the  
following morning.

And I may here say, in order to prevent  
any surprise at the apparently sudden friend-  
ship evinced by the "backwoodsman" to-  
wards a total stranger, that hospitality is a  
distinguishing trait in the character of the  
Southern planter, and he who pretends to  
form an estimate of the intelligence of the  
proprietor, by the appearance of his rude  
dwelling, will find himself greatly deceived.  
He is no adventurer, but one of a hardy race  
of men who leave the worn out lands of the  
old States, and locate in the wilds of the new,  
certain of enjoying the same blessings of a  
free government any where within the lim-  
its of the Union. He is ready to argue with  
you on the policy of the government, and to  
point out defects in the laws; he knows what  
his rights are, and how they are derived; he  
participates in legislation and understands the  
constitution, and knows that the laws made in  
pursuance thereof are supreme; for he is him-  
self "one of the people," and it is they who  
govern and make the laws;—he is a moral,  
intellectual being, bold, liberal, and hospita-  
ble; with a love of country which he takes  
care to inculcate upon his rising family, that  
his children may know and appreciate the  
principles of a Republican government.

It is then no matter of surprise that a man  
who feels this description, cut off from the  
world as it were, should even be glad to en-  
tertain a stranger if there were no other mo-  
tives than to learn what was going on in the  
society from which he has voluntarily with-  
drawn himself.

After dispatching breakfast we set out, I  
to return the borrowed gun and continue my  
route, and Jones to visit his neighbor and ac-  
company me on the way that far.

"Well massa," said Bob, scratching his head  
and assuming a comical mixture of regret  
and irony, at the same time that he seemed  
struggling to restrain a broad grin which was  
ready to spread over his sleek black face.

"Massa bought Bob Jones!" After utter-  
ing this sentence he could resist no longer,  
but broke out with his loud "heawhaw," and  
ran up to shake hands with me before part-  
ing.

"Good bye Bob!"

"Good bye Massa Leyman, if you bin come  
dis way, 'member where Bob Jones live, its  
nowhere down here to Pantar Creek Sir."

I shook the hand of the honest lad, prom-  
ising to stop if I ever came near "Pantar Creek,"  
and take a hunt with him in the cane brake.

"Now" said Jones, opening the gate which  
let us out of the yard, "As we pass along we  
may witness the execution of an Indian for  
the crime of murder, if you have any curi-  
osity to see such a sight. He is to be shot  
about 9 o'clock, and the encampment of these  
people lies directly in our way."

"By all means," I replied, but do the Cho-  
ctaws punish with death according to their  
own laws here within the jurisdiction of your  
State!"

Here Jones entered fully into a description  
of the manners and customs of this tribe of  
Indians, a remnant only of which hang about  
their ancient homes, the greater portion of